# UNITY

*FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION*


The Bishop's Utopia: A North African Saga - - - - - - *David Jobman*

Our Illiterate Literacy - - *Eve T. Knower*

Glimpses of the Future - *Royal Wilbur France*

Peter Kropotkin: Revolutionist - - - - - - - - - *George L. Thompson*

THE STUDY TABLE



VOLUME CXXIX NUMBER 1

Chicago, March, 1943

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

# UNITY

Established 1878

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

*Published Monthly* *Subscription $1.50*
*Until Further Notice* *Single Copies 15 cents*

Published by The Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
*"Entered as Second-Class Matter, April 11, 1941, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor* CURTIS W. REESE, *Managing Editor*


## Contributors

*Royal Wilbur France:* Professor in Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida.

*David Jobman:* Contributor to various anthologies of modern verse; author of "America's Marching Song of 1941," appearing in *The Book of Modern Poetry* 1941.

*Eve T. Knower:* Former Fellow at Wisconsin and Cornell; free lance writer; "now building a home on a hill in Oregon."

*George L. Thompson:* Formerly minister of the Unitarian churches in Northfield, Whitman, and Dighton, Massachusetts.

## *Contents*


EDITORIAL—

Editorial Comments—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES ..... 3

Jottings—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES ..... 5

ARTICLES—

The Bishop's Utopia: A North African Saga—DAVID JOBMAN ... 6

Our Illiterate Literacy—EVE T. KNOWER ..... 9

Glimpses of the Future—ROYAL WILBUR FRANCE ..... 11

Peter Kropotkin: Revolutionist—GEORGE L. THOMPSON ..... 12

THE STUDY TABLE—

East to West—ROBERT S. HOAGLAND ..... 13

Ralph Cheyney: Dauntless Crusader—{ELIOT WHITE / JOHN HAYNES HOLMES} 14

Scions of Samurai Stock—KARL M. CHWOROWSKY ..... 15

Sermons for Life Situations—EDWIN T. BUEHRER ..... 15

CORRESPONDENCE—

Life, Justice, and Legal Technicalities—VICTOR S. YARROS ..... 16

Internationalism Versus Isolationism—MRS. SIDNEY A. SHERMAN 16

Approval of Cripps—JOHN Q. REYNOLDS ..... 16

THE FIELD—

Resolution on Feeding in Europe ..... 2

Fritchman Appointed Editor of the *Christian Register* ..... 2


## The Field

*"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."*

### Resolution on Feeding in Europe

The plight of those European peoples, who, after heroic resistance to the aggressors, are now enduring subjugation and desperate suffering claims the sympathy of all informed Americans, and weighs especially upon the consciences of Christians.

Much of their distress cannot be relieved until they are freed from the grip of their conquerors. But wherever it is possible to alleviate any part of their present sufferings, and especially to maintain their lives, without giving vital aid to their oppressors, we believe the American people will wish to have it done.

It seems that ample measures in their behalf have not yet been taken, partly because the desperate extremity of their present condition is not known, partly because it has been assumed that help cannot be rendered without material assistance to the enemy. The fact is that unless such necessities as powdered milk and vitamins are made available, a very considerable proportion of the population of Belgium, and possibly other subjugated nations, may perish before the war's end. We believe the peril now threatening these people must be faced and measures must be taken to save them from epidemics and even starvation.

We do not advocate a scheme of general relief. What is proposed is merely the extension to other areas in desperate need of the plan already functioning with the full approval of the Allied Governments for the relief of Greece, provided the occupying powers will agree to the same conditions and safeguards of its administration.

The plan involves the purchase of supplies in the United States, their transport in neutral ships to neutral ports, transshipment in sealed cars to the areas of want, and direct distribution to those in most desperate need under the supervision of a competent and trustworthy international commission of neutral Red Cross officials.

Through such means, millions of lives of our Greek Allies are now being saved, without aid to the Axis and to the satisfaction of Allied Governments. We cannot do less for the succor of other's of our Allies who also fought valiantly in defense of freedom, and who suffer their present afflictions in the common cause.

—*Resolution approved by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.*

### Fritchman Appointed Editor of the Christian Register

The Reverend Stephen H. Fritchman, Acting Editor of the *Christian Register* since November 1, 1942, has been appointed to the position of Editor by the Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association. Mr. Fritchman, who formerly held editorial positions with the New York *Herald-Tribune* and the *Church School Journal*, served as Interim Editor of the *Christian Register* during the summer of 1934.

# UNITY

*"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"*

Volume CXXIX MARCH, 1943 No. 1

## Editorial Comments

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I

Gandhi's fast is a more fateful event than battles on sea and land, and in the air. Its outcome will probably be definitely known before these words are published, but its significance is as clear today as ever. The Viceroy's charge that the fast is "blackmail" reveals an utter incomprehension of Gandhi's soul, and demonstrates anew how incompetent is the British official mind to understand and thus to rule the Indian people. This charge is in essence as outrageous as the earlier charge that, in launching his civil disobedience campaign in August last, Gandhi was playing the role of a Quisling in Japan's interest. What is apparent of course is that the Mahatma is operating in a spiritual world in accordance with the laws of the spirit, whereas the British imperialists are operating in a purely material world in accordance with the laws of force and violence. It's the story as old, as new, and as familiar, as Christ and Caesar. Gandhi, like his great predecessor in Galilee, is taking upon himself the sins of the world. In atoning sacrifice, he accepts suffering and death in his own person, as the alternative to imposing these penalties upon others, even his enemies. This, he believes, is the way of salvation—the victory of Soul Force over all the powers of this world, and thus the Victory of God. Strange that Christians should not understand the mystery of Gandhi's fast, when their whole theology is built upon this idea of the cross, for the cross and the fast are mutually interchangeable symbols! But Christians, of course, have never accepted the cross, but only the word—as witness war as the accepted method of overcoming enemies! But there lies Gandhi, as willing to die in Poona as ever Jesus was willing to die on Calvary, and the British government as helpless today as the Roman procurator yesterday. Whatever happens—if Gandhi is released, or if he dies—the victory lies with him. That eternal victory which registers itself first in the mind of God, and later, as by the sure swinging of the stars, in the minds of men! In a letter just received, I read, "Gandhi is the only man alive whom I revere. He is truly the answer to the prayers of those who are desperately groping for a solution to the problem of war"—and other problems as well!

II

There was superb drama and heroic spectacle in Casablanca. There may have been good generalship—of that the world knows nothing as yet. But there was feeble and not seldom misguided statesmanship. Thus, it is a tragedy that Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek were not present at the conference, and doubtful if at such a crisis the conference should have been held without them. It is a pity that Giraud and De Gaulle could not have been persuaded to stage a more successful performance, and, failing this, it is doubtful if they should have been allowed to appear at all. It was an error, for which a dreadful price will be paid, to present the end of the war in terms of "unconditional surrender." This is all right for a fortress, such as Grant faced when he spoke this immortal phrase, but not for a people themselves victimized by and enslaved to the government which the United Nations are fighting. Steadily by such tactics are the Germans being driven to those last stages of desperation which may make the closing period of this war the most costly and ghastly known to history. Is there no such thing as formulating a peace plan which will show the German people that their enemies are not the Allies but the Axis? Lastly is it deplorable that the Casablanca conference ran its ten days' course without a single reference to India, Africa, and the dark races of the world. More than ever did this tremendous pageant emphasize what seems increasingly to be the fact, that this war is a white man's war—or even, as Miss Pearl Buck has declared, a European war. I wonder if Casablanca was the occasion of Gandhi's fast, as the Cripps Mission was the occasion of his resumption six months ago of civil disobedience! Our darker brethren are not going to be patient forever. This is either their war, or it is not. Casablanca should have answered this challenge in trumpet tones. Its failure to do so means a bankruptcy of statesmanship. Is it possible that once again we are going to win a war, only to lose the peace?

III

Senator Thomas has introduced into the Senate a bill eliminating from the Selective Service Law recognition of conscientious objectors. This bill, if passed, would undo all the excellent work that has been done in this delicate and difficult field of conscience in wartime. It would take this country out of the class of England, which handles this problem with high intelligence and courage, and put us into the class of Nazi Germany, which handles it with the prison and the firing-squad. It is probable that this bill will sink of its own weight, and never be seen again. But it may be well to note that there is a large body of public sentiment behind it, represented predominantly by American Legion posts, and that vigilance therefore is imperative. Of course, if legislation of this kind ever became law, the results would be terrible. The C.P.S. camps would at once be closed, and the C.O.'s sent to army camps. All C.O.'s coming before draft boards would henceforth be denied a hearing, and given immediate orders for induction. The C.O.'s would refuse to serve—and instantly we would be precipitated into the deplorable situation of the last war, when C.O.'s were beaten up and otherwise maltreated in the army camps, court martialled and sent to long terms in prison, lashed to steel bars and cast into solitary—persecution and torture of the worst description! Nothing of course was accomplished in the way of getting these men into the army. You can beat a man, and chain him, and kill him, but you can't force him to drill and shoot! Force and violence are utterly helpless when confronted by the spirit. What happened in the last war was that a presidential committee was appointed to take the situation out of the hands of the military, and handle it with some vestige of decency and order. Also, it was highly resolved that this horror would never be perpetrated again. Once was enough! If anything is supremely important in this whole issue, it is that the nation shall be true to its own best self, and thus not betray its high principles of liberty and right, and the sanctities of spiritual faith. If any new legislation is passed at all, it should be to the end of strengthening and extending legal provisions for the protection of C.O.'s, that we may be abreast, and not behind as we are now, the English standard.

IV

It is interesting to speculate on what the war is going to do to education and to culture generally in this country. When the government to all intents and purposes took over the colleges for purposes of technical training and put liberal arts into the discard, it was a shock from which the country has not yet recovered. Following this came the statement of Captain Rickenbacker, Chairman of the National Policy Committee of the High School Victory Corps, which consists of representatives of such organizations as the National Education Association, the American Federation of Teachers, the American Vocational Association, and the Army and Navy, that the high schools of the country should turn exclusively to the task of producing soldiers and war-workers, and postpone all education in the liberal arts until after the war. "No education can be important," he said, "until the war is won, except as it contributes to this end." He included girls as well as boys in his program, and argued that all plans for going to college should be abandoned. "I don't think that youths should think in terms of college," he said, "unless they are physically handicapped." One might well raise the question, anent Captain Rickenbacker, aeronautical expert and authentic hero, as to what he really knows about the larger and deeper aspects of education, were it not for the fact that he is sustained by so many professional educators. President Seymour of Yale, President Dodd of Princeton, and President Gideonse of Brooklyn College have lifted up their voices on behalf of the liberal arts, but other leaders have kept silent, or else, like Conant of Harvard, have surrendered utterly to the militarists. What one ponders is the problem as to what we are to have left here after we have won this war. Are we to preserve any democracy, any culture, any of the institutions of progress and unenlightenment which make us a free people? These are the things which we are told we are fighting for, and yet here we are throwing them away in the very process of the fighting. Captain Rickenbacker's proposal insures an illiterate generation which will not know how to use, and therefore will spoil, any victory which we may achieve in this struggle. Indeed, as I consider the abandonment of our colleges and high schools, I can think of nothing quite so much as of what Hitler has done to the colleges and schools of Germany. Are we to adopt his methods and follow in his ways, even as we seek to destroy him? That's the temptation, and we may well pray not to be led into it.

V

This business of preaching hate against the enemy—and of course against every one at home who disagrees with you!—is getting to be serious. In England the campaign of hate is led by Lord Vansittart, and is becoming so formidable that sensible men have had to organize against it. Thus, a "Manifesto Against Hatred" has been issued over the signatures of a large number of prominent men and women in all walks of British life, including the Bishop of Bradford. Since this manifesto was published, Mr. H. G. Wells has added his influential voice to the side of the Vansittart phobists and has been fiercely answered by Mr. Harold Laski. In this country, Mr. Rex Stout, famous for his detective stories, seems to be rapidly qualifying as the American Vansittart. Thus, in the New York

*Times*, some weeks ago, Mr. Stout published an article which reminded of nothing so much as the notorious German "Hymn of Hate" in the last war. From beginning to end this article was one screaming paeon of lust and vengeance against the foe. I can think of nothing to compare with it in this war but the ferocious ravings of Goebbels and Streicher in Nazi Germany itself. Happily this outburst was met by a flood of retort which the editor of the *Times* described as "almost unanimously opposed [to] Mr. Stout's views." By a fortunate coincidence there appeared, at the very time this discussion was running, a statement by the National Education Association on "What the School Should Teach in Wartime." Referring to this business of "hatred and revenge," it deplored "the cultivation of such traits among children and others," and affirmed that "intense and revengeful rancor toward the . . . people of the enemy countries is not likely to hasten our final victory." The trouble with hate and vengeance, apart from their own hideous spirit, is two-fold. First, they tend to unify and thus solidify the enemy against us, to drive them in terror and resentment into the last ditch of opposition to us, and thus to prolong indefinitely the war. Every mad threat against the Germans holds to Hitler's side millions who might otherwise turn against him. Secondly, this passion of hate and vengeance confuses and in the end poisons our own minds and thus makes it impossible for us to write a sane peace after the war. Mr. Rex Stout argues that, "if we do not hate, we shall lose the war." I do not believe this is true! But this I know is true—that if we do hate, we shall lose the peace.

VI

Last month I hailed the good news about the fight against liquor in Alaska and Canada, and asked what the United States was going to do to match these reports. Far sooner than I dared to imagine the answer has come. Already the fight has begun in this country against "booze" as the deadliest enemy of the war effort. Thus, General Marshall, Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, a foe of alcohol for years gone by, has issued an order banishing all hard liquor from the military camps and reservations. This means what it says, as applied to officers as well as men in the ranks. No whiskey, no gin, no rum, no cocktails, no highballs—no "booze"! Only beer and ale left to keep things "wet" at all, and these doomed of course to be banned in due course. The American army, like the Russian army, is going to be "dry"—and that's a long step toward victory! But this is not all. The government is tackling the civilian side of the liquor problem as well as the military side. Thus, it has been duly reported that official recommendation has gone to Mr. James F. Byrnes, Economic Stabilization Director, that all sale of hard liquors in this country be reduced to one per cent of consumption in the calendar year 1941, and that even this smaller amount be limited to medicinal purposes. Beer and ale are again excepted in part, but this means nothing, as is shown by the fact that the liquor men are up in arms, and talking wildly about the return of Prohibition. But what leg have these "boozers" got to stand on? In the acute manpower situation, why should tens of thousands of able-bodied men be told off to manufacture and dispense liquor? In the acute transportation situation, why should thousands of freight-cars and trucks be devoted to hauling alcoholic beverages around the country? In the present acute food shortage, why should millions of tons of perfectly good grains be turned into utterly bad drinks? There's not a thing to be said in answer to these questions, especially when nobody ever argued that "booze" ever did anybody any good. The fact is that once we get involved in a real crisis, liquor is shown instantly to be an evil. It's a confounded nuisance which must be got rid of. And what's true of war is just as true of peace. The administration is everlastingly to be thanked for taking these first and highly effective steps to make this nation "bone dry." At last we mean business! Now banish the liquor advertising in the newspapers and magazines, silence it on the radio, then kick out beer and ale—and the job will be done!

---

# Jottings

In the light of the proposed "National War Service Act of 1943," conscripting men and women for labor, it may be well to recall the comment of the late General Hugh S. Johnson on an earlier proposal of this measure. This, he said, is "a complete Nazi pattern of forced labor."

---

Mussolini had an ambition to go down in history as Mussolini Africanus, after the example of the great Scipio. Well, this ambition is fulfilled. He will be remembered as Africanus all right—but not exactly after the example of Scipio. As far as Tripoli is from Zama, so far is the Italian fraud from the Roman hero.

---

President Roosevelt promises that this war will go on until our troops march down the streets of Berlin, Rome, and Tokio. So—having made the mistake of grinding down our defeated enemies in the first war, we are going to repeat this mistake a thousand-fold in this war! If anything can insure a third world war, and the end of all things—this is it.

I very much doubt if Mr. Davies is correct in his surmise that Hitler is dead. But I haven't a doubt that, as the Fuehrer gazes toward the East, he wishes he were dead.

---

The Russian *Pravda* declares that Latvia, Lithuania, and Esthonia are Russian territory, and will be held by the Soviets after the war. It may be remembered in this connection that Joseph Stalin's signature is not affixed to the Atlantic Charter.

---

Thomas Jefferson was a Republican—so his political party was called in his day! In view of all that has happened in the last ten years, it may be that Jefferson's approaching bi-centenary will be taken over by—Republicans! JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

---

# The Bishop's Utopia: A North African Saga

DAVID JOBMAN

Speaking before the New York Herald Tribune Forum on November 17, 1942, the President of the United States made the following pertinent observations:

> In time of peace every variety of problem and issue is an interesting subject for public discussion.
>
> But in time of war the American people know that the one all-important job before them is fighting and working to win. Therefore, of necessity, while long-range social and economic problems are by no means forgotten, they are a little like books which for the moment we have laid aside in order that we might get out the old atlas to learn the geography of the battle areas.

So turning to the old atlas we make the happy discovery that the highly successful accomplishment in the landing upon the coastline of North Africa by an American Expeditionary Force under the command of the United Nations is a feat of great historical significance. It is not only a remarkable execution of an initial phase in a vital plan dealing with large scale military tactics and strategy, but also a promising consummation of a vision reflecting the spiritual and moral conflicts of a long-suffering race. Upon the sands of that far-off ancient continent the Tricolor of the French Republic is rededicating itself anew to the fight for Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. There the Stars and Stripes is now leading the United Nations in a global struggle for the Atlantic Charter and Declaration of Human Rights. There, in bitter conflict against a common enemy of decency and humanity, all peace-loving peoples of the world are met, determined to set up a new order of their own, with Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Religion, Freedom from Want, and Freedom from Fear to be the happy possession of all. And we find them all marching together as the emissaries of peace and good will upon the native soil of the devout author of *The City of God,* written more than fifteen hundred years ago as a testament for all times. This African gospel of the fifth century has a message of vital significance to our twentieth century, for it breathes mutual confidence, courage, and determination—an alliance of powers which will carry us through the ordeals of a second World War to ultimate victory. It brings closer the possible fulfillment of that vision of a unity of nations which its pages bespeak, replete as they are with precious cultural nuggets for a humanized civilization and brotherhood to come. It is Emerson who tells us that talent alone cannot make a writer, for there must be a man behind the book. It is this very aspect of the man behind the book that brings the author of *The City of God* and his assurances so close to our age of Stuka bombers and torpedo-darts.

Saint Augustine, bishop of Hippo and acknowledged head among the fathers of the Latin Church, was born in the year 354 in Tagaste, Numidia, a small seaport town in the province of ancient Rome, approximating French Algeria. He came of a devout Christian mother and pagan father. As a Roman citizen, he received a liberal education, became master of Latin, and tutored in the art of rhetoric. At the age of twenty-nine he went to Milan, where he lectured, and in turn listened to the great Ambrose. After a long inner struggle between the thinker and the strong impulses of a sensual pagan life, he made up his mind. At the age of thirty-three he was duly baptized. So was his son. The new convert must have made good in his faith, for we find him ordained priest at the age of thirty-seven, returning soon to his native Africa. At the age of forty-one he was consecrated assistant bishop, emerging in the year 396 as full bishop of Hippo. Then followed thirty-four years of uninterrupted labors devoted to the love of truth and service of man; and while he was serving, he was accumulating a voluminous library from his own trenchant quill. On August 28, in the year 430, at the age of seventy-five, the crusader died in his beloved Hippo, with the legions of invading Vandals holding siege at its very gates. The barbarian Teutonic hordes with their ravages were on their mission of aggression and world conquest.

Like our own generation assaulted by an all-consuming inferno of arrogant aggressors, the author of *The City of God* witnessed the end of an ancient civilization which was deeply rooted in the cultures of Greece and Rome, and he saw the beginning of what was to become the era of Dark Ages. The world of the classics was in ruins. Greece was overrun. Italy was ravaged; and now Rome itself was sacked in the year 410. The pagan Goths and Vandals under Alaric I brought a foretaste of Germanic culture. It was in the very midst of this supreme crisis in human history that Saint Augustine wrote his great apologetic treatise in vindication of Christianity, trying to prove to a war-ridden pagan world and its haughty despots that "men's souls and blood are not eggshells for tyrants to break" (as Sinclair Lewis' hero declares in *It Can't Happen Here*). The bishop confronted the cataclysm of his age and accepted its challenge by producing a work of courageous optimism and inspiration under the title *De Civitate Dei, The City of God,* upon which he worked for thirteen continuous years. He began its books and chapters (in which he incorporated the ripe fruit of age and wisdom) in the year 413, three years after the sack of Rome, when he was already fifty-nine years of age; and

it was completed in 426, four years before his death. Even in its abridged form, it is a volume of more than seven hundred pages, rendered into exquisite Elizabethan English from its Latin original.

Saint Augustine calmly and scholarly perceives an ideal order which outlaws by its very theme all weapons of war thriving upon the base and ignominious impulses in most, if not all, of us mortals. In that ideal city of tomorrow there will be no human monsters bent in mad pursuit for world conquest. He must have been laboring under the understanding that "any highway to a better future must be paved with open speech and honest dealing." For that was exactly the course he had mapped for his own life's journey. In that social life of his choice there shall be no evil thing; no good thing shall lie hidden; for it "has Truth for its King, Love for its Law, and Eternity for its Measure." It cheers "the reasonable souls with delight of such a reasonable beauty." No brutalities there, for it is "a most peaceable land of concord," with the free intelligent will of man "brought to that liberty in which it cannot sin." It is the reign of justice: it is the joy of life. There is no religious intolerance; there pity is blended with equity; there the best of the corporeal, the noblest of the spiritual, and the most beautiful in the intellectual fuse freely in perfect working harmony accessible to all—"the free will of that city shall both be one in all, and also inseparable in every one, free from all evil, and filled with all good, enjoying an everlasting pleasure of eternal joys, forgetful of faults, forgetful of punishments." As a sound philosophy of wholesome optimism, it is nursing malice toward none, yet prompting to zealous action for a good cause with universal well-being at stake. Lacking the vulgar, basically materialistic, objective analysis of a sophisticated age, the designer of the ideal city saw the crying needs of the hour and took recourse to his faith and experience, trying to fill the gaps left open by the irrationalities of paganism. With the emotional sincerity of a true artist and vision of a true scientist, he put man on the alert, always to think "of the stains of the minds, and manners, and how they first decayed by degrees, and afterwards fell headlong into perdition." Things do not just happen. The source of the greatest torrent lies in the minute streamlets of its tributaries which feed and swell its widest stretches and fiercest cataracts. To deal properly and successfully with issues demanding attention, we must go to those numerous minute streamlets, the roots, the cause whereof evils spring and are being nurtured. Is it not the voluntary inundation of corruption into their manners that brings ruin to nations and empires?

Partaking freely of the sublimer ethics of Socratic teachings, Saint Augustine held that the Creative Spirit, within man as well as within the cosmos, can be neither tribal nor mean. He must be all-embracing, producing the finest spiritual leadership possible. Augustine's God is the positive dispenser of all goodness and reason, inspirer of honesty and good will, whose grace can neither be unjust nor his justice cruel—one who "censures every particular soul for the works it has performed of freedom of the will . . ." Under the guidance of such a justice-loving leader, mankind can be nothing save one in nature, both biologically and ethically, and never unjust. Godliness itself is best expressed in and through personal and social conduct radiating universal good. In a true Christian city there is plenty of love and kindness and friendship and mutual helpfulness, for the barriers of creed, color and language are radically eliminated by the peaceful processes of intelligent acting and moral thinking.

What is the natural purpose of human life and what are the means and ways for its fulfilment? Says the bishop: Who wishes anything but happiness? Hence the task and duty of human improvement. But it must be known that human problems must be approached with foresight, demanding clear, conscientious, purposeful planning. It is perspicuous, reasons the theologian of the fifth century, to the knowledge of all such as have use of reason, that man desires to be happy: but the great controversies arise upon the inquisitions whence or how mortal infirmity should attain beatitude. And he adds: for, if the way lie between him that goes and the place to which he goes, there is hope to attain it. But if one have no way, nor know which way to go, what boots it to know whither to go? Rational man ought to have no difficulty in setting the rational goal for the attainment of which the moral will of a living faith is ready to offer its all.

Saint Augustine lifts his voice in protest against man's inhumanities to man, never hesitating, by implication and by appeal to man's saner judgment, to indicate the proper course to be taken. Unlike the beasts of the jungle who must prey upon the weak, the dead and the hindermost, man has intelligence, a will, some ethical leanings and aspirations when prompted to same, and he possesses the skill and ability to plan for contingencies, as well as to prevent the undesirable in so far as it lies in his natural powers to do so.

As to human relationship, there is one and only one right answer pointing the way—he is far more happy that has a good neighbor by him in quiet, than he that must be forced to subdue an evil neighbor by contention. . . . One may not be so given to contemplation, reasons the bishop, that he neglect the good of his neighbors. This applies to those next door, as well as to all those across the frontiers by land and sea. Thus we are brought to the inevitable—a full realization that responsibility lies with the leadership in the respective fields of: education from childhood; religion by universal practice; politics and business by sound moral statesmanship; humanitarianism and integrity by precept and devotion. In contemplation, the good bishop of Hippo instructs his flock, one may not seek for idleness, but for truth: to benefit himself by the knowledge thereof, and not to grudge to impart it unto others. For all practical purposes, this is a test of sound leadership. Here also is the key to unlock that very illusive order of human fulfilment and brotherhood which has been in the hearts of all decent humanity from the dawn of history. Humane understanding of universal needs and the faithful practice of mutual aid to meet those legitimate needs—this is a perfect summary of the tasks confronting those who are given to lead.

A relevant note for inspiration is found in Saint Augustine's discussion touching upon Virtue and Felicity, the main props of his heavenly city. These are not mere webs of a soaring theology replete with myths pleasing to the uncritical and lowly. They are practical points for guidance to tax human integrity and faithfulness. Virtue, enunciates the bishop, confineth all good acts, and felicity, all good desires. . . . For virtue is but an art of living well and justly, as old writers do define it, and that happiness is of better worth than sovereignty is most plain. For many men doubtless may be found that would not be kings, but none that

would not be happy. In our dreamer's immortal words in which he reveals himself best, we are advised for general guidance that where the soul does not rule the body, nor reason the passions, there is generally found wanting the virtue of true justice.

Politically, how modern was the author of *The City of God?* Having completed his great vision long before our contemporary political economy—with its unstable boundaries, ideologies, nationalisms and enraging inhibitions—could identify itself, Saint Augustine reveals his adherence to democratic principles by adducing from preceding authorities the following enlightening descriptions which identify democracy with the rule of the people under law:

> A commonwealth is the estate of the people. . . . He [Scipio] defines the people to be a multitude united in one consent of law and profit . . . that a state cannot stand without justice: so that where true justice is wanting there can be no law. For what law does, justice does, and what is done unjustly, is done unlawfully. For we may not imagine men's unjust decrees to be laws: All men defining law to arise out of the fountain of justice. . . . So then, where justice is not, there can be no society united in one consent of laws, therefore there no justice is, there no commonwealth is.

The vital, quite modern, implications of this sort of reasoning becomes evident when, thirteen centuries after these thoughts had been recorded, the French philosophers and the New England patriots set out to inaugurate their respective commonwealths, not to the tune of tyrannical dictators, but to be run by and for the people according to their own popular standards of accepted morality. The good bishop would no doubt agree with our own democratic notion that "Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants. Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom." Totalitarian ideologists, Nazi plunderers and barbarous executioners of the mass slaughter of innocents, Fascist flatterers and megalomaniacs,—all these deliberate perpetrators of appalling horror and bestiality against the helpless cannot be expected to tolerate even the memory of such as dare to talk and write and plan as the kind and daring bishop of Hippo had done. Hence his ideal heavenly city is truly "a reservoir of good will" and humanitarian endeavor to be readily exploited by the democracies of the world.

What remains to be done, to bring our lives closer to the shores of human aspiration? According to the designer of the City of God, the road is clear for practical action: "The order whereof is, first, to do no man hurt, and secondly, to help all, that he can . . . ruling not in ambition, but being bound by careful duty: not in proud sovereignty, but in nourishing pity." The peremptory index is to keep in mind that man was made "reasonable, and lord only over the unreasonable, not over man, but over beasts . . . and it is a happier servitude to serve men than lust."

To the bishop of Hippo, it is the sovereignty of the will of man led by a triumphant faith that holds the guarantee for the final victory of the City of God come true to earth. That ultimate victory is dictated by that human foresight and intelligence which can conceive tranquility and justice and order in the smoldering ruins of the day.

*The City of God,* as conceived by its author, is a precious cultural heritage on behalf of divided, warring, suffering humanity. It is a blazing star bridging the intellectual and moral blackout of the Dark and Middle Ages, uniting the best traditions of Greek and Latin civilizations with the Humanism of the later Renaissance. It is a call for a universal union of like minds, determined to build a better world with a minimum of juvenile and adult delinquency, in the best traditions of the religion of the prophets. In his work and style the author expressed the spirit of his epoch, revealed its vital needs, and gave strength to the quiet hope of all decent humanity through all ages. Divorced from his metaphysical speculations, we find him a man of the world; of daring, aggressive enthusiasm; combining ability, imagination, and courage with a strong faith in the final emergence of a victorious moral ideal. Beset by an immediate world of hostile, immoral habits, superstitions, criminal practices, the heavenly city symbolized heroic spiritual social leadership which can neither be bent, bribed, nor crushed by adverse circumstances, or by vicious persecutions forcing the dignity of man in disrepute. And its architect was no mere visionary or preacher. For in place of an unhappy status quo he set up the pursuit of a cheerful vision as a goal; for universal despair he instilled full confidence in human reason and human ability to create in accord with a moral will; in place of cowardice and retreat he showed by personal example the majesty of man triumphing in the spirit of devout service. Against the encroachments of fear and disillusionment he practiced and taught fearless thinking and speaking and dreaming, leaving to posterity the judgment of man and his faith. Not his mythical speculations, but his dynamic implications attest to the real contributions of the man to the universal store of culture and aspiration. The book contains the seeds and flame of sound optimism, of fine fortitude, of self-reliance. It radiates the gospel of a religiously humanized Age of Reason. It dispenses with validity the intellectual grandeur and cultural incense of the Socratic dialogues, as well as the spiritual stimuli of the Sermon on the Mount.

On the distant horizon of human history, in spiritual significance and force, *The City of God* is to be checked as the original Magna Carta whose Bill of Rights is a pledge for victory on the side of a peace-aiming democratic humanity determined to turn its weapons of destruction into plowshares, offering liberty and justice for all. By overcoming "voluntary perverseness" man skillfully labors to become master of his own fate, for it is in "the sweetness of peace which all men do love" that reasoning man can fulfill his mission in life with dignity and honor.

In time of peace men must think, plan, and toil to prevent the scourge and desolations of war, and thus escape the bloody trail of woes, vice, ruin, and death that wars leave behind.

But in time of war men must with redoubled zeal think, plan, and toil for the ultimate peace, which carries the promise that among civilized nations war must never recur, and which with the victory of the United Nations shall never recur. Then may come to life that inspiring City of God where, for the good of all, men "walk together in majesty, in justice and in peace." Well may the modern reader agree with Professor Barker's opinion (so aptly stressed in his extended Introduction to Healey's translation of *The City of God*) to the effect that the good bishop's utopia is truly "a gospel of human happiness within the confines of our mortal existence." And as such, we can ill afford to neglect its timely message for our trying times.

# Our Illiterate Literacy

EVE T. KNOWER

The United States, we are told, is a literate nation. Practically speaking, the statement is not true. Most of us do know how to read and to write. But the average American maintains to a highly dangerous degree, considering that he lives in a democracy, two attitudes that have in the eyes of the cultivated been invariably associated with the illiterate, the ignorant, the unread. He has an undue, a profound, respect for the printed word, and he stands in awe of any asserted authority, *when* that authority is based not upon real ability or sober position but upon a tinseled place, a fabulous salary, or some connection with a new and therefore still magical invention. As a people we are easily led by glibness and quackery in matters of culture just as we easily mistake sentimental auras for truth in the field of the social sciences and of the humanities.

Such attitudes clearly tend to prevent any generally successful progress, whether spiritual, social, or economic. We should, it seems to me, be seriously seeking ways of ridding ourselves of such attitudes before they do determine, even more thoroughly than now, the quality of our culture and the pattern of our commonwealth.

Before I can point to the evidence of our illiteracy I shall probably have to clear the way by destroying an illusion. By the words *average American* used above, I am not referring to any underprivileged class, though some one may argue that over half of us belong to such a class. I am referring to the people who run our businesses, teach our schools, preach in our pulpits, sit in our councils, and belong to our service clubs. That being true, you have only to look attentively at the newspapers which we read with such eagerness, almost with avidity, to be persuaded that some undue faith in the printed word must be obscuring the mental processes of those who read.

One day the front page has photographs of a clash between police and strikers, with several strikers killed, and it is believed that the trouble, caused by agitators, has subsided; the next day there are headlines to the effect that the Reds in Russia have shot three nonconformists; on Friday an editorial commends the forming of a committee to investigate and prosecute groups engaged in activities that threaten our form of government; on Saturday the editor points out the difference between the criminal in America who is a robber or murderer with of course no right to sanctuary and the criminal in modern Europe for whom mediaeval sanctuary might well be preserved since the criminal there is very likely merely "a too zealous patriot temporarily on the minority side." In the same issue of a paper one reads that labor agitators are delaying business recovery by trying to increase wages which will discourage investment, that factories over the country are being shut down as a result of over-production and lowered demand, that dealers are burning wheat in an effort to force prices up, and there appears a publisher's notice of a book which would show the reader, if he read the book, that half the population is unable to maintain a decent standard of living on its average yearly earnings.

All this is read blandly and solemnly and if comment is elicited it seems that every word furnishes reason for self-righteousness in the reader.

As for my second point, our whole lives are so saturated with vitiated authority that it seems scarcely to need mention, would not need it except that we fail to see its implications where serious matters are concerned. To speak first of the trivialities, or what seem such, one blushes for one's fellows when one looks at the page after page of advertising which supposedly pays its way by impressing the reader. Women, evidently, wear clothes not because the clothes will become them, or because they have inherent lines of beauty, or because they are warm and durable, or are made by good and reliable tailors, but because Mrs. Blank who spends her summers on her yacht and has a houseful of servants, wears them. We seem to assume that wealth and taste must go together—a rather naïve assumption.

Books are good if a broadcaster says so, or if they are recommended by a book club or if they have won a large prize or if they are best sellers, not because the reader has found in them high and well-told adventure, poetic insight, true interpretation, and magnificent reporting of life. Very often such qualities are at a minimum in prize winners. Some reader, or some committee, has made an error and the advertising department has to make good what would otherwise be a loss to the house. To be a best seller means no more, even if the selling is based upon the considered judgment of the many buyers, which it seldom is, than that the book is popular and the very word *popular* carries the connotation of *second rate*.

We seem to have no self-assurance, no confidence in our own judgment. Or perhaps we have simply lost the habit of stop, look, and listen with reference to the world of our own inner experience. Perhaps, in fact, we never as a general public acquired it, never became educated to the point where such a habit could function satisfactorily.

We are so dependent upon the authority of financial power both for the establishment of social position and in our thinking that any digression in social and economic thinking from the doctrines held by the present possessors of wealth is looked upon as unpatriotic and socially subversive, mainly, I suspect, because such thinking is usually done by those without wealth. Though I *have* heard the late E. A. Filene called—with the helpless stammer of utter inability to understand how a rich man and a business man could hold such opinions,—a *socialist!*

Association with the holders of divergent opinion, I mean divergent economic and social—as differentiated from political and, within bounds, religious—opinion, makes the average person nervous. Association with such thinkers will, it is feared, put one's position and one's living, one's comfortable basking in the smile of the *right* people, in jeopardy.

As a matter of fact this feeling of nervousness (the psychologists would speak of a sense of horror and guilt!) where divergent economic and social thinking is concerned is so deeply intrenched that those who do the thinking are often so psychically unsettled by the sense of heresy against the rich or the recognized, whom we seem to have substituted for the old men and the prophets of earlier days, that in self-defense they put their thoughts with undue defiance and dogmatism.

Their unconscious defiance only serves to increase the distrust with which they are viewed by the followers of the accepted. Not to labor the point, the whole situation resolves itself into a vicious circle.

Yet it is just in this field, the field of economics and of the social sciences, that independent and critical thinking is most necessary.

As already indicated, we have probably not yet become educated sufficiently for the making of personal and independent judgments. Our intellectual tools are no doubt inadequate. Considering our own habits and the faint-heartedness of our educators, is our lack of equipment to be wondered at?

Doubtless the people of every civilization consider it, usually with justification, to be more complex than its predecessors. Ours is certainly complex. Yet, on the whole, we give up studying it, seriously and systematically, when we are still immature. Some of us travel, read, and talk with others who do the same. Conversation, with the wise and the experienced, is the best of educators. It informs, sharpens the wits, feeds reflection, and stimulates the imagination at the same time. But few of us really lead that sort of life.

Most of us slip into lazy mental habits at the end of college years. We seem to forget that the world of our twenties will not be the world of our forties and, still more important, that a mind at twenty is not the matured and well-instrumented possession that it should be at forty or, better yet, at sixty or seventy. If we fail to provide ourselves with such minds we remain, as too many of us do remain, mental adolescents all our lives.

It is not altogether the fault of the individual. It is partly the fault of our educators who fail to give us a right understanding of education in our early years, too often leaving us to suppose that it can be *finished,* and who commit a second crime when we, in our middle years, realize the error of our ways and seek to prop our weakness, as what human does not at times, with outside help and stimulus.

At the expense of great effort we drive ourselves to go to the adult educators, such as we can find in a world not yet properly adjusted to the ideal of a full mind for everyone. They have no faith in us, knowing us for the overgrown and undeveloped and undisciplined children that we are, and weakly—this is their crime—they turn away, faint-hearted at the task we give them. Or, possibly, they too have remained undeveloped!

Whatever the reason, they certainly assume that our minds are hopelessly gone, or that we belong to that ghostly troop who never had the necessary potentials. They teach us to do simple things with our hands or to play games that our children or our grandchildren are playing, when we are hungry for the games that our grandfathers played, wanting to explore and to know our world as they explored and knew theirs, wanting continually fresh contact with beauty, the beauty that the mature eye sees, wanting to compass the setting of our human problems so that we can understand the difference between wisdom offering a possible solution and quackery making us the fools of its own folly, wanting, in short, contact with the wealth of those minds which are what ours should have been.

The educators have no faith in us because they have seen the efforts that we make for ourselves, seen organizations of college women sponsoring classes in bridge as a prominent part of their educational program, seen the quality of books chosen by local book clubs, seen the quality of speakers that receive our acclaim. They assume that we are sincere, that such attitudes truly indicate the index of our minds, and they fall back on an old device, well known to the logicians, and to the politicians—the use of a question-begging epithet. Instead of telling us plainly that they do not think us capable of serious work, they divide their courses into the academic and the non-academic. The word *academic* has acquired, for a reason no longer valid, the connotation of non-practical, non-vital, dead. Of course we do not want worthless stuff like that; so we choose vocational and recreational subjects, the only ones left—and the only ones to which the educators believe us equal.

But see what has happened! Social sciences are listed as academic! We steer clear of them. Philosophy and literature are academic. One research report in the field of adult education actually listed a course in *current events* as academic! That writer should spend a week at the front—any one of the fronts. A knowledge of grammar, of the modern novel (which interprets our world for us as Thackeray interpreted his for his generation), of political science—all this is academic knowledge, and classes in these subjects are very small in membership and, in vindication of the educators, very difficult to maintain.

We prefer to wrap a bandage or snap a camera, to do something easy, and feel that we are becoming educated. A few of us know better and desert the educators for private endeavor, which is usually soon neglected. Most of us, like our children, cannot endure any work that is not play, and we still want our play on the manual rather than on the mental level. However, bandaging the wounded and sending pictures home from the front does not teach us what road we might take to avoid war.

We surely *can* do better. We only need to be prodded into the doing. We have practically eliminated, and continue to prevent, the illiteracy which is ignorance of the written word. We *could* eliminate the illiteracy which is ignorance of meanings. We have, and take pride in having, compulsory education. We could at least maintain public adult schools of high standards,—something more continuous and more comprehensive than public forums, much more so than any forum yet developed. We need schools adapted to adult attendance, with planned and correlated curriculums. A voter might even be required to show membership in active standing in such a school, not as evidence that he knows the name of his congressman and the council member from his ward but as evidence that he is continuing to be well educated.

If the results of our present public schools are worth the expense which they are to us, surely we would not begrudge any price for the sake of an educated adult population. We listen to the most adolescent of serials, to the most pointless of slapstick and, breathless or chuckling as the case demands, remark admiringly "that fellow gets thousands a week." God save us! We would be shocked if a man were paid so much to teach us the nature of wealth and the function of money. We spend millions on roads and count them well spent if only for the fact that the roads lead from one point of natural beauty to another throughout our country. Some day we will become self-conscious enough to maintain adult schools, roads that will chart for us the wealth of the mature, modern mind and introduce to us the beauty that it can create.

# Glimpses of the Future

ROYAL WILBUR FRANCE

Despite the present confusions and uncertainties and the depressing and destructive impact of war, certain trends appear ever more clearly which give rise to hope, indeed even to optimism, with regard to the post-war world.

First among these trends I would place the growing tendency in economics and religion to abandon the unfruitful credal conflicts of the past and to face unitedly and realistically the task of organizing our ways of life so that the higher standards of living which science has made possible may be achieved, and peace and happiness for the masses of mankind enhanced. The two excellent articles standing side by side in UNITY for February are indicative of this trend. Edwin H. Wilson called for a free religious movement supported by the faith that human intelligence and coöperation are adequate to establishing human happiness and peace. Victor Yarros called for an abandonment of the misleading dichotomy between liberty and collectivism and a recognition that collective effort for social ends need not be and must not be at the expense of democracy but rather in line with its full fruition.

It is not generally recognized how far professional economists have abandoned doctrinaire disputes in favor of a realistic and pragmatic approach to actual problems. For years economics was an almost entirely doctrinaire field. Adam Smith, in his *Wealth of Nations,* had started with certain premises and from them drew certain inevitable conclusions which were the basis of classical economics. Then came Karl Marx with an entirely different set of premises and from them drew equally logical conclusions, and the controversy raged between mutually exclusive doctrines starting from different premises.

With the end of the last century came a group of economists containing such men as Veblen and Commons in this country and Hobson in England, with an attempt at a scientific approach, namely the examination of the data first and the generalizations afterward. This is now the approach of nearly all respectable economists. There are but few of the orthodox of either of the earlier schools left and they are intellectual anachronisms, as are the extreme fundamentalists in the religious field. It is a far cry, for example, from the static assumptions and the refinements of abstract theory of John Bates Clark and Alfred Marshall, the economic giants of forty years ago, to the realistic study of life about them by the leaders of economic thought today. Wesley C. Mitchell, with his highly skeptical attitude toward the "principles" of classical economic theory, his evolutionary outlook and his insistence on a realistic and quantitative investigation of the facts, is an exemplar of the new trend.

There is now general agreement among professional economists as to the nature and seriousness of the economic malady. Basic to the whole difficulty into which capitalism has fallen, has been its failure to provide consumer purchasing power adequate for a mass production era. Science has brought potential abundance. This should mean higher standards of living for humanity in general and greater security against the hazards of sickness and old age. Under our system, however, wage payments have been considered almost wholly in their aspect of a cost of production, and production has been possible only when sales price exceeded cost so as to eventuate in profit. Wages as an extension of the market, and the lowering of costs of production through fully absorbing overhead costs by capacity production which mass purchasing might make possible, have been too little appreciated by those in charge of the conduct of business. Employers have held down wages and fought union labor's efforts to increase them at the very time when an increase of real wages was essential to the salvation of the very system of private enterprise. For if the capitalistic system is unable to solve the paradox of scarcity in the midst of potential plenty, and of poverty in a world of potential abundance, no theoretical arguments in its favor can possibly save it from inundation by the flood of collectivist measures which will follow on the failure.

While economists are coming into closer accord in factual diagnosis of the economic disease, there is, as has happened with medical doctors, a difference as to the nature of the treatment. Prof. G. D. H. Cole, of Oxford University, for example, believes that the degree of planning necessary to achieve a harmony between production and distribution cannot be achieved without a thoroughgoing socialization of the economic system. Sir William Beveridge, his great English colleague, believes that a plan for social security which will assure that every citizen willing to serve according to his powers will at all times have an income sufficient to meet his responsibilities, will be possible of realization without abandoning the private enterprise system. Prof. Alva Hanson, of Harvard, on whom President Roosevelt relies for economic advice, believes that a variety of measures, including social security benefits, public works and housing, closer control over the monetary and pricing systems, and the use, in general, of the governmental taxing and spending power as the balancing factor will achieve the aim.

Whatever their differences as to remedies needed for our ills, almost all economists today are exponents of the belief that the purpose of the study of economics should be to promote human welfare. Once men abandon doctrinaire theories and approach problems factually with a view to finding their solutions, progress can be and is being made. The generally favorable reception accorded to the Beveridge report, even in conservative quarters, would not have been possible even a decade ago. We may even begin to face squarely and unemotionally, as Professor Yarros asks us to do in his article, the increasing trend toward collectivism and may dare to believe with him that if and when collectivism does come it can be through evolution guided by intelligence rather than through revolution, and can be free and civilized rather than totalitarian and brutal. We are also daring to learn from Russia, whatever her errors may have been, that no effort is so powerful toward the achievement of ends as effort socially organized toward those ends. We can afford to consider more carefully than Russia was able to do, the importance of means. Russia was thrown into a revolutionary situation and has dealt with it with amazing results but with many of the disagreeable concomitants of revolution. We still have time for evolution if we take advantage of it. But

it is not infinite time. It is not even long time. We must act on the assumption that the time given to us to make changes in an orderly manner rather than by violence may be short.

Nor should we overlook the obstacles. There are still powerful forces of reaction. These forces will be enhanced by war weariness and the general revulsion against governmental controls which the deprivations and annoyances of the war economy will have fostered. A people fed up on rationing and price controls accompanied by black markets and taxes and restraints will be inclined to lump it all under the heading of New Dealism. The trend was already visible in the last Congressional elections. The post-war public mind will be even more tired and disgusted with interferences by government and a return to normalcy, and another Warren Harding may become an irresistible political necessity. The foreign outlook will be such as to promote the desire for a new isolation from such distressing problems. If there is another Versailles Treaty there will be another popular disillusionment.

For the country to yield to these impulses of weariness and hopelessness of achieving beneficial change through governmental action can only be to invite disaster. Even in that case we need not despair, for the disaster may lead more quickly toward the adoption of the measures necessary for our ultimate cure. The legislative program of 1933 could not have been adopted had it not been for the crash of 1929. Nevertheless it is the business of all men of intelligence and good will to prevent, if we can, the disaster which reaction would bring, and to be prepared to use it to our own end, if we must. That end is and can be nothing less than the realization through the collective effort of mankind of that degree of happiness and well-being for all humanity which science has now made possible.

---

# Peter Kropotkin: Revolutionist

GEORGE L. THOMPSON

Peter Kropotkin was born December 9, 1842, and apparently little notice has been taken of the centenary of his birth. In a meeting held under the auspices of the Ethical Culture Society, Mr. J. Hutton Hynd, of St. Louis, paid tribute to him, but this seems to have been the limit of observance in this country.

I met Kropotkin about fifty years ago. At that time he was a little past middle life, quite bald, the lower part of his face concealed by a luxuriant growth of whiskers quite in keeping with the Russian tradition. His forehead was high and noble indicating the keen intellect for which he was famous. His steel-rimmed glasses helped in giving the impression that he was a typical German professor instead of the Russian terrorist of popular conception. Shortly after meeting him I published a brief article giving my impression of him under the caption, "A Genial Anarchist."

At that time Kropotkin was recognized as a leader of the anarchist school of thought not only in Russia but throughout the world. He was, however, more than a philosophical, political, or social anarchist. His activities covered a wide field.

He called himself a "revolutionist," a title which was justified in more than one sense of the word. He was a history-maker. In company with Leo Tolstoy he may be called one of the founders of the present-day Russia. Working among the same people in pursuit of a similar end, these two contemporaries used different methods.

Their antagonisms may be noted. Tolstoy was an artist; Kropotkin was a scientist. Tolstoy reverted to the past and found his formula in the practices of primitive Christianity; Kropotkin proceeded on the basis of a new type of society. Tolstoy was awakened through a religious experience; Kropotkin received his urge from social observations. Tolstoy attempted to put his theory at work on his own estate; Kropotkin, while in prison and exile, tried to enlist people of both high and low degree.

Yet these two men had much in common. Both came from princely families. Both were soldiers in their youth. Each had his period of roughing it,—Tolstoy in the wild mountains of Caucasia, Kropotkin as an explorer and pathfinder in the unknown country about the lower Amur river in Eastern Siberia. Both believed profoundly in the potentiality of the Russian common people. Both looked forward to the day when Russians would surprise the world. Each found inspiration in what the other was doing.

Kropotkin was one of the leading scientists of his day. He projected three revolutionary theories in science which at first met with rejection by the European savants. He was the first among geographers to show that the great mountain systems of Northern Asia extended from southwest to northeast instead of from north to south. He taught that in the glacial period the Arctic icecap extended far down into Central Europe. He startled the evolutionists of his time by declaring that mutual aid is one of the most potent factors in evolution, and that given this fact we have the basis for a socialistic society.

It is because he introduced this new factor into the theory of evolution that his name is probably remembered today. It is true that he was a pioneer in the education of women, an internationalist of fame, a historian, a pacifist, and a dozen other things, but the most profound impression that he made was in his teaching, summed up in one brief sentence, "Mutual aid is a law of nature." The idea was not original with him. He acknowledged his debt to Professor Kessler, the Russian zoologist, who had stated that, "mutual aid is as much a law of nature as mutual struggle; but for the progressive evolution of the species the former is far more important than the latter." Kropotkin, reading this, adopted it as the true interpretation of evolution.

In 1888 Huxley published what Kropotkin termed, "his atrocious article" bearing the title, "The Struggle for Existence: a Program." Kropotkin answered it with his *Mutual Aid*. In doing this he introduced an ethical interpretation of evolution. He not only did the Darwinians good service but also those who opposed them, by showing that morals and ethics may have a foundation outside of Scriptures. He helped rescue moral values for the very people who were rejecting them, by showing that ethics are not dependent on any

particular philosophy or religious teaching but are inherent in the laws of a moral universe. Good rests upon the fundamental basis that all life is made for righteousness. Despite all the schemes of men, right is always right and wrong is always wrong. In human relations especially the survival of the fittest means the survival of the most social. We must think, feel, act, and share with others the highest pleasure, the greatest good if we are to keep it for ourselves; and the greater the number enjoying it the more apt it is to survive.

---

# The Study Table

### East to West

THE WISDOM OF CHINA AND INDIA. *An anthology edited by Lin Yutang. New York: Random House. 1104 pp. $3.95.*

INDIA WITHOUT FABLE. *By Kate L. Mitchell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 296 pp. $2.50.*

WHAT DOES GANDHI WANT? *By T. A. Raman. New York: Oxford University Press. 117 pp. $1.25.*

WARNING TO THE WEST. *By Krishnalal Shridharani. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 274 pp. $2.50.*

A WEEK WITH GANDHI. *By Louis Fischer. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 122 pp. $2.00.*

In these five books, tuned to the preacher's favorite theme, "It is later than you think," there is none of the cynicism of the fraudulent scene in John's second century Gospel in which Pilate intones for the future priestcraft: "What is the truth?" The five authors think truth is definable and obtainable in terms of current human life.

Goldsmith quipped about 1760 that Doctor Johnson could not have written a fable because he would have made all the little fishes talk like whales. These books do the opposite. They reduce obscure and abstruse problems to simplicity.

And within their covers they present the minimum of reading which will lead to an understanding of the silliness of the superstition impeding the successful completion of the global revolution in which we are involved today. That superstition is the Kiplingesque bias: East is East and West is West. These volumes are of a hundredfold more value in clearing up racial bigotry and companion irrationalisms, than a similar amount of eloquent sermonizing.

Let Mr. John Q. Citizen, as "a child before facts," spend his spare hours for a week at a desk with Doctor Lin's tome at his left for constant reference and on his right an adequate map, and the other volumes feeding him Indian information, and he will experience such a mental rebirth that the task of Messrs. Willkie, Wallace, *et al* will be rendered simple. The authors are best taken in this order: Mitchell, Raman, Shridharani, Fischer. That is because it is always best to sandwich propagandists between hearers and doers of the Gospel of Fact. Even when the propagandists are well-meaning gentlemen and present balancing views on scenes and personalities! The great merit of these books, when digested together, is that balance is achieved in the total effect. Propaganda is subdued by honesty; and honesty is enlivened by fervor.

Bias there is in the books; but the bias of journalist Raman is brought to equipoise by the bias of preacher Shridharani. And extremism there is; but the either-or mentality of Indian Raman is answered by the cool factuality of American Fischer. The economic slant of Miss Mitchell is corrected by the fervent humanitarianism of Shridharani. And reference to fundamental oriental thought as explained and illustrated by Doctor Lin is a clincher in solving any unresolved doubt.

If the honest student can afford but one book on the wisdom of China and India, it should be Doctor Lin's book. Poetry, philosophy, and humor,—the best of the East is here in an exquisite binding which would satisfy even the wealthy man who wanted 5,000 new, clean, and beautiful books for his new library. In introductions of typically sparkling Lin prose and in translations that are always adequate and sometimes splendidly colloquial, the curious mind is given some things he wants and some things Doctor Lin feels he ought to have. From the allegedly esoteric mysticism of ancient India to the shrewdly pragmatic wisdom of China, the noblest thought of the two great peoples is here. When he has delved into this book, any fair-minded Westener must wonder about the yellow man and his "Aryan" cousins, "Who am I that I should think Europeans and Americans may dictate to such sons of wisdom what is wise and good, or even expedient?" Doctor Lin says that the one indispensable book of Eastern wisdom is the book of Tao; and his keen translation of chapter 29 of the Book 1, "Warning Against Interference," is by itself the best medicine for our proud spirit.

American conceptions of the Chinese have been purged of their worst idiocies by the brute force of history during the last ten years, just as we have lost our wishful thinking about the supposed weakness of Stalin's Russia. But our attitude toward India remains one compounded of crude ignorance and willful prejudice. As we have lost our idea of the Chinese as a quaint and hopeless simian with a pigtail instead of a caudal appendage, so will the other four books introduce us to Indians as to brothers whose problems are our problems. With both subtlety and bluntness these books put to us and answer the far from rhetorical Donne question: "For whom does the bell toll? It tolls for thee!"

What is India and what does she mean to us? The answers are here. Who are the leaders of India, and what do they intend to do? The answers are here. And the answers are as important as a second front, the taking of Berlin, the federating of states in the Balkans, the removal of suicidal boundaries in Mittel-Europa, the solution of anti-Semitism. Maybe more so.

The abstruse complexities of British history in India, of the rise of Indian nationalism, of the languages and parties of India, of the clashing religions, cultures, and brilliant personalities of the current scene in that vast land, of Indian institutions, whether Untouchability or the Congress, of revolutions attempted and revolutions to come, are reduced to understandable explications and language by these publicists. Each of these books, even

Raman's, painted in blacks and whites, is a superlative contribution to our understanding of tomorrow. (Pedants might growl because neither Fischer nor Shridharani has an index. But Fischer's unique pictures, taken in Gandhi's ashram and in Bombay are a satisfying substitute.)

With amazing thoroughness in so small a volume, Miss Mitchell presents the scene and history of India so clearly that even he who must read as he runs can understand. Shridharani's *Warning to the West* is an eloquent sermon on her facts, even if the two authors differ frequently on interpretations of specific details and on the nature of the "phenomenon" Gandhi. Mitchell, Shridharani, and Fischer (and Doctor Lin in wise jabs at opportune moments) insist and then reiterate: Democracy must cease being an aristocratic and ultra-exclusive club for the white Westerner. Or it will just cease being. Even Raman, as he appears to argue with his British associates that Gandhi is not helping to win this war, seems to understand the nature of the problem. That problem is: Does the first sentence of the second paragraph of that "Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America" have the ring of truth or is it vapid nonsense?

From these four books there appears a picture that is clear, balanced, and sane. The picture is of a nature the opposite of the one Raman tries to outline. The motives of men are indeed inscrutable; but this Indian, advertised as "one of the leading journalists of India," seems to be trying to construct such an extreme picture of Gandhi that that amazing figure will appear absurd. Gandhi is presented in quotation as an oriental Christ, an extreme visionary. Miss Mitchell inclines to a view that Gandhi is a keen practical politician, with one eye cocked disingenuously at personal advantage to himself. But with Fischer's leavening influence, we see Gandhi as neither saint nor sinner, but as a constructive nationalist whose pragmatic wisdom is sufficiently enlightened by ideals to ensure his standing in history as a builder.

We get a balanced picture of the British in India, too. Some pages of the authors would leave us thinking, as unwise propagandists would have us do, purely in terms of "perfidious Albion." Some pages would exaggerate the constructive gifts of Britain to India. But the total effect is to make us see in India both the harm imperialism has done and the benefits it has conferred. The picture in general is dark; but there is hope, especially if we hear the warning to the West in time. That means, *now*.

Not the least important of the four efforts is Fischer's simple diary. It is illuminated by the painstaking detail and the humble honesty we have learned to expect from him. In Gandhi's home he was seeking the answer he put in his autobiography: "Two major wars in a generation! Will there be a third?" The answer clearly lies in the response of Americans to the warning to the West.

Says Miss Mitchell, "It bodes ill for the achievement of a 'people's peace' that nearly 400,000,000 citizens of the world should have no share in winning that peace, no incentive for making it a durable one. . . ." Raman reminds us that America is vitally interested in the outcome of the problem in India. Doctor Lin adds, "This sin of thoughtlessness about India has to cease." Shridharani adds that unless the challenge of the East is answered with understanding justice "in time it is fated to bring on a new war." Fischer's clear picture shows that the challenge of the East is in the Oriental's implacable desire that no Westerner "can order me around in my own country."

What will happen? With one voice the East says one thing will happen. That one thing was prophesied as long ago as October, 1937, by Chaman Lal:

> The British propagandists in America would make the Americans believe that everything is quiet on the Indian front and that the Indians have agreed to work the new Constitution, pompously advertised as the Magna Carta of India's freedom. But the truth is that India is planning her final revolution to throw off the British yoke within the next decade, and I make a bold prophecy that India will be free by 1945.

ROBERT S. HOAGLAND.

---

## Ralph Cheyney: Dauntless Crusader

SELECTED POEMS. *By Ralph Cheyney. Edited by Lucia Trent. San Antonio, Texas: The Carleton Publishing Company. $1.00.*

A graceful shaft, as of alabaster and bronze, is set in a sunny garden of memory by this selection from the poems of the late Ralph Cheyney.

The blending of finished craftsman and dauntless crusader for social righteousness, in Ralph Cheyney's own character, endowed his poetry with a rare quality. Compare for example the rhythmic charm of "You Cannot Kill the Troubadours," opening the challenge to all Philistinism:

> Though starved throughout your every city,
> Self-righteous business men and boors,
> We still defy you as we pity.
> You cannot kill the troubadours,

with the somber drum-beat of "Miners' Wives" and its demand for recognition of the toilers' disproportionate weight of society's burdens:

> Miners' wives are always waiting, dreading,
> Listening deep down beneath for the accident alarm . . .
> And the world rests on the stooped back of labor.

This poet has also dared to recognize sex, in spite of all slurs and misjudgments, as of the essence of sanctity and beauty, and so is moved to give the valuable counsel, in "Slowly, Lover," for chivalric self-control not only in courtship days but also during the honeymoon. Advice, which if followed, might well lengthen the honeymoon to the entire life span of lovers-always.

"The Wider Love," dedicated "To Lucia," finds true marriage the symbol and prophecy of the coming fellowship of mankind, no matter how blatantly war may still defy and try to delay that cosmic destiny:

> Universal love shall surely flower,
> And hold us all as you and I each other.

To exemplify this artist's love of color, and instinct for the magic of words themselves, "Dark Encounter" provides the most brilliant achievement of this collection. One who reads the poem attentively enough (and more than once), to let its hues and sounds and masterly imaginative power exert their due influence, will not be surprised that a leading critic of poetry acclaimed "Dark Encounter" as the most significant poem written in this country in the year of its publication.

Lucia Trent has put the possessors of this volume in gladly-acknowledged debt both to her late and lamented husband and to herself, by its compilation.

ELIOT WHITE.

□ □ □ □

This last volume of poems by the late Ralph Cheyney is edited by his devoted wife and fellow-craftsman, Lucia Trent. Here once again these two kindred

souls work and speak together in the sweet collaboration which made their lives so truly one.

The poems, twenty-two in number, have all been printed before. They are selected by Lucia Trent as the best specimens of her husband's work. Here is that remarkable piece, "Dark Encounter," which was described by no less a critic than William Stanley Braithwaite as the best poem written in America in the year it was published. Here also is "Bright Impossible Fox" which won the $500 first prize in the nation-wide poetry contest of the *Poetry World*. Other prize-winners appear in these pages, along with selected poems known and admired long since. Cheyney had the true lyrical gift, together with a moral passion which made him prophet as well as poet. This volume is a worthy, as it promises to be an enduring, monument of one who, like many a famous predecessor, died all too soon.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

---

### Scions of Samurai Stock

THE THREE BAMBOOS. *By Robert Standish. New York: The Macmillan Company. 396 pp. $2.75.*

If this novel had appeared before Pearl Harbor, quite likely it would have been classified as just another "hate-novel," just another bit of "propaganda" designed to bring America closer to war with Japan. In his foreword, the author says in part:

> For what it is worth this book may help those who know nothing of Japan or its people to learn a little of a race whose fate in this struggle will decide the course of the world's history for several generations, or longer. There are still a few who love the Japanese and many who hate and fear them, but there is none who can afford to ignore them.

This is the story of three generations of the Fureno family, scions of an ancient and proud Samurai stock, who face the forced opening of their homeland to Western influence through the arrival of an American fleet under Admiral Perry in 1853, grimly confident of the coming of their "der Tag." With dogged persistence and unswerving loyalty to the cause of their emperor and nation they school themselves in the manners and methods of Western civilization, acquiring only too well its skills and efficiencies which they mean to turn to their own use in their own good time to the glory of a people that had never doubted either its divine origin or its divine mission to rule the world. The Furenos are determined to make Japan so strong according to the pattern of the West that when the time comes she may out-produce, out-trade, as well as out-general and out-fight, her exploiters.

How, out of this struggle for commercial, industrial, political, and military supremacy, "Bushido" is finally developed, how the Furenos rise in royal favor and in power in Japan and throughout the East; how they succeed in displacing in national control their hated rivals, the Tokugawas, and finally drive on towards complete subjugation of the commercial and industrial East; how they begin their march of empire by attacking China, then Russia, and finally commit their ultimate folly with the treacherous attack upon Pearl Harbor, all this is told in dramatic fashion by one who knows the Japanese and knows how to create a good story. The author's estimate of Bushido is interesting. He says, "Bushido reveals itself to the world as the battle-cry and banner of the bravest, cruelest, most deluded, least scrupulous people of this or any other age. It is the quintessence of chauvinism."

No passage in the entire book is more realistically descriptive of the Japanese than a letter left by a German business-associate of the first Baron Tenjo Fureno and read by his grandson who has become a partner of the third generation of Tenjo Furenos:

> Their ambition [he writes of the Furenos] is boundless; their determination frightening; their capacity for intense application to any problem has to be seen to be believed. They loathe and despise all foreigners, whoever they may be. All their affections (if they have any) and all their admiration is for themselves. . . . Everything I say of them is true of the Japanese people as a whole. . . . Add to all else great imitative genius, lion-hearted courage, unswerving fanatical patriotism, and diabolical cunning, and you will realize that the world will one day have to have a reckoning with the Furenos and the rest of the Japanese people.

How far this picture is true; to what extent the character of the Furenos correctly represents the character of the people of modern Japan, I do not know. I am sure, however, that for present purposes as well as for uses of the future when we may again be at peace with Japan, this book will prove a valuable source of information, something all Americans would do well to read and to ponder.

KARL M. CHWOROWSKY.

---

### Sermons for Life Situations

HOW TO BE YOUR BEST. *By James Gordon Gilkey. New York: The Macmillan Company. 166 pp. $1.75.*

This is another of Doctor Gilkey's many books on personal problem solving, and it follows the same general plan and procedure as its predecessors. Richly illustrated with examples from many walks of life it attempts to help the common man, suffering from handicaps of many kinds, and burdened with anxiety, to gain a new perspective, and to develop his resourcefulness in "making a hard life easier."

Through the years Doctor Gilkey has attracted large congregations to his church in Springfield, Massachusetts, to hear these sermons. Subjects such as, "Keeping Serene Within," "Living One Day at a Time," "Finding Courage for a Hard Situation," and so forth, have a familiar ring, and here and there dramatic illustrations are repeated. Indeed, the ability to meet one kind of suffering usually implies equal ability to meet other kinds of suffering; and a good illustration of courage and fortitude may suffice for any one or more of a dozen sermons.

This is not said in criticism, for such preaching is definitely needed, and it can be extremely effective if it is supported with more profound attempts to provide the necessary philosophic and historical perspective. Without the larger setting of religious thought and experience, sermons on life situations, no matter how skillfully they are preached, can hardly escape being superficial.

Even so, we need palliatives, homiletic as well as medicinal, and it is neither trivial nor undignified to serve them up on occasion. This book is recommended, therefore, as a healthy contradiction of the false notion that every pulpit utterance must be both ultimate and profound.

EDWIN T. BUEHRER.

---

"An open schoolhouse . . . is better than garrisons and guns, than forts and fleets. An educated people, governed by true moral principles can never take a backward step, nor be dispossessed of their citizenship or liberties."

*William McKinley*—1896.

# Correspondence

### Life, Justice, and Legal Technicalities

To UNITY:

It seems all but impossible to rationalize the law, even in these revolutionary times. The United States Supreme Court has just refused to take jurisdiction in a case instituted by eminent physicians, sociologists, and educators in Connecticut for the purpose of testing the constitutionality of the law of that state which prohibits the sale and use of contraceptives under any and all circumstances, regardless of considerations of health, welfare, and life itself. The contention of the appellants was that the statute in question was invalid in that it violated the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, which provides that no person shall be deprived of life or liberty without due process of law.

The Supreme Court evaded this vital issue by pointing out that the life of the appellants was in no way endangered by the law they attacked. They, therefore, had no standing in court. Let the actual *victims* of the law, in other words, challenge it in a proper legal proceeding.

Technically, of course, this position is unassailable. But are mere technicalities to prevail in all our courts, including the highest, over fundamental principles of reason, right, and justice? Why, in the name of common sense, should not *any* sane person of Connecticut have the legal right to question a statute which is reactionary, harmful, immoral, and stupid? Is any interest superior, speaking philosophically and ethically, to that of a citizen in the integrity and rightness of the laws of his community? Must we always be selfish, narrow-minded, materialistic in our relations with others? Is not a bad law a serious reflection on all the citizens subject to that law? Should not men and women be encouraged to work for good laws and to object to, and try to get rid of, obnoxious and absurd laws?

It is proper enough to say that if A owes money to B and fails to pay it without legitimate cause, B, and not C, should sue A for the money due. But unconstitutional laws on a statute book, outmoded and vicious laws, should be open to the attack of any decent citizen willing to take the trouble and incur the expense involved in a suit designed to remove them and thus vindicate the truth and the spirit of justice.

The late Elihu Root, who was no radical, declared that our criminal codes, as well as our procedural codes, require reform "with an ax." Even in constitutional cases we still have too many empty and far-fetched technicalities that delay, frustrate, and defeat justice.

*La Jolla, California.* VICTOR S. YARROS.

---

### Internationalism Versus Isolationism

To UNITY:

Isolationism is rearing its venomous head again! We must fight it with might and main lest it destroy us. This is not a one-horse country any more; all countries must now hitch up together and pull together out of the mire of wars and depressions.

The war aims of the isolationists (watch the papers) are different from those of the vast body of Americans. These men would drag us through the same old treacherous quagmire of tariffs, "national self-sufficiency," and all the rest of it—"back to normalcy"—which would lead us straight to World War III.

How could thoroughly disorganized and disabled peoples do business with us if our chief motive were profit? They could not; and they would not if they could. They would turn from us in despair, and we should all go down together; for no one—no nation—can live to itself alone.

Would national disunity over any problem whatever hasten victory over the Axis powers? It would simply strengthen their determination to win and would cost countless more lives. None but the pagan of heart can fail to see our duty to the whole world. We can do it if we are willing to make small sacrifices and to put up with necessary inconveniences for so great an end. Shall we be misled by the wicked sophistries of isolationist leaders—the blindest of professional politicians today—who are now threatening the security of the immediate future of the world?

At this crucial time we are fortunate in having leaders who are the most powerful forces in the world for progress and decency. And we, having helped to win the victory over the German and Japanese brands of wickedness, shall we Americans forthwith beat a retreat into our own provincial shells and turn an indifferent shoulder to a prostrate world which we have helped to wrest from the destroyers? Or shall we, rather, like the Good Samaritan, help the wounded victims throughout the world to recover from their wounds and live the kind of life God intends for all his children? That, for many years, is the kind of America I have known to come to the front in times of disaster anywhere in the world. But this war is a global disaster of terrifying proportions for which almost everybody over twenty-five years of age is in some part responsible. It is good for our very souls to make every sacrifice possible, and so to help the Lord to bring Good out of this monstrous Evil that is devastating his good earth. Shall we not stand by, together with other democracies, until the job is done right?

It is not yet clear how this great work of reclaiming disorganized, suffering peoples and restoring them to their rights can best be done. Several plans have been put forth. But some plan reasonably sure of success should be instituted just as soon as possible. Why not hasten the Federal Union Plan: trusting the free peoples themselves, by ballot, to put the plan into action, allowing other peoples to join as fast as they gather strength to act together? This, the American Way, has proved its worth during a long period of time, and there is no reason why we should change our system to some other experimental plan.

Our boys are making the supreme sacrifice daily, but in the belief that by laying down their lives a good world for every one will eventuate. We must not go back on them! Our people at home are making hundreds of small sacrifices; the war effort—on the battle, production, and home fronts—is gaining daily in momentum and purpose. And to what purpose? Certainly not to get back into the same dizzy cycle of depressions and wars, which can end only in destruction!

There are periods in history when a New Man must evolve in order that the race may survive. We have reached such a period now. Unless we rise to our opportunity and adapt our society to changing conditions on an international, instead of a narrowly national, scale and for all men instead of for just a few, we shall not survive and, as H. G. Wells writes, the insects will take over.

*Jamaica Plain, Mass.* MRS. SIDNEY A. SHERMAN.

---

### Approval of Cripps

To UNITY:

John Haynes Holmes is saying good words for Pearl Buck, Wendell Willkie, and Porter Sargent in the January number of UNITY. I endorse his views; and I, too, would like to pass on an admiration.

I have been reading *Cripps: Advocate Extraordinary,* by Patricia Strauss. (Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce.) Here is a fine book about a great man. Cripps is a man of vision, ability, and character; a man to inspire confidence and hope. He will be one of the builders of the better world of tomorrow. He will go farther than many statesmen "to promote the general welfare."

JOHN Q. REYNOLDS.

*Glen Falls, New York.*

**Ralph Cheyney's "Selected Poems"**

Edited by LUCIA TRENT

Reviewed in this issue of UNITY by Eliot White and John Haynes Holmes. The price is $1.00. Orders should be sent to:

**LUCIA TRENT**
**Box 2032**
**San Antonio, Texas**